

Feb. 17. 1938

52, Tavistock Square, W.C.1.
Telephone: Museum 2621.

Monday

Get a word: the 23rd or any other day. Wait till you are
certain & then send a card. And what good?
When I got your letter I said to L: who was feeding
Nutz, what is the heart of all our friends. Why? he said.
Whereupon I explained how you modestly as an author is
nothing to your fidelity as a friend. But that a nice
sentence! Whereupon, he agreed. Then Nutz wetted. Oh Lord
I meant to write a long letter, here's the usual scrap: but
London's a tinkling Caravan: although what is weekending in
Palermo. Yes. I'll tell you about

the cones as the eyes - how violent they are, & ridiculous. Ending
in the Reform Club & all places; where they look best & best.

But you don't say if the Indian is
going. when you go, or whether you love me.

And I'm a green flame on the horizon: that
the tower a new cone ^{NYPL} rays up: a net made
either: it seen by whiting watchers off Iceland
& heralds jagged Bergs: to mine heralds -

well, why shouldn't it be. What on the 23rd?
Now for a pack of dark letters. But that was exact, what
I said to L. when he was feeding Mitz - about you
mending his illness. ~~now~~ & his being well
V. now

Your letter, dated Sunday, only came this Tuesday

52 Tavistock Sq. ^{morning}

~~The~~ Tuesday. March 1. 1938

Darwin: I mean, I'm thankful you're
well.

But: Monday the 7th I've
said I'll take Angelica to a
concert.

Could you conceivably change to
Thursday 10th or Friday 11th?

When we shall be alone.

If this is impossible, I, but not d,
can manage Monday: I mean he could

take Angelica. Only do let us
arrange something. And how

are you?

In love - V.

52 7-5.

Monday - April 1938

No, I hadn't heard a word, only got
your letter late yesterday on coming back from
Roddwell. I am miserable to think how
bad you've been; & going through all that
fortune of waiting for results. Are
they sure they've wasted it now? And
why lead from Aider? Did it from
painting a greenhouse? - But if you have a
moment let me have a word. We
both sit up like begging dogs, with
our paws up, sending our faithful humble
sympathy. And how do they
de-lead you? And shall you be up again?
Kew is very lovely. I remember sitting
there once in a livid room with you.
There is no more than a mew. I'm
incapable of waiting, but trust you to
divine my intention - Yes, I was kind

of you to write, & not to make me also
wait in suspense, which is troublesome.

I've been to the Charterhouse
today, where Col Newcome died
yesterday. A.D. 1800; & there he was,
in a white tie & black cloak
at 3 PM today, we collected.

NYPL
But forgive my chatter -
accept my homage &
Yours love

Set well &
Did you ever read the *Intelli*: [Borrow]
& is the *Rebelle* there (a prostitute story)
Any relation of yours?

V

Poor lean wizened brute - your coat what they
call "starving" I suppose - 2 stone! Low!

52 Tavistock Square,

May 3rd. 1938.

I was awfully distressed (I wish there were any decent words for this sort of sentiment) to hear you had been attacked again. What the devil is lead poisoning? And when shall you be cured - idealistic questions, but then this little writing business is such a fraud. And I can't ring you up, for your telephone is attached to the Pink Tower, where I hope you're thinking of Leonardo writing lead. This is a more cruel of affliction: Should you have a card handy with a fact about yourself on it, so as to confuse the most modest, least egotistic of women with that other ~~fore~~ former lover of mine - who by the way has just rung up to impose a visit with I father your Polignac in tow. (What I mean. I had intended an 80th birthday Boullestin party, to ask you, but we were at Monk's House, & I put it off to her fury - not that you could have come. But with you face it one of these days? We think of diving up to the Hebrides, the furthest seas - where the cuckoo calls - ~~down~~ - what's the justification for thinking of? - breaking the silence of the seas - aghew, that's what

19th June 1938

George Inn

Chollerford

Northumberland

We're only on our way to Skye - stopping to
explore the Roman wall. Have you seen it?
Anyhow, it's no good describing it - we've
been lying on the top all this afternoon.

Of course I knew you wouldn't like 3/- (Three
guineas)
that's why I wouldn't, unless you had sent a
postcard with a picture; have given it to you.
All the same, I don't quite understand.

You say you don't agree with 50/- of it -
no, of course you don't. But when you say

that you are "exasperated" by me

"misleading arguments" - then I ask,

what do you mean? If I said,

I don't agree with your conception of

Joan as a character, that's one thing.

But if I said, your arguments about
her are "misleading" wouldn't I

mean, Vita has cooked the facts in a
Dickensian way ~~to~~ in order to produce an
effect which she knows to be untrue?
If that's what you mean by "misleading" then we
shall have to have the matter out, ^{whether} ~~whether~~ ^{who} ~~who~~ ^{wherever we are,}
words or facts. And I don't think you
will, as you say, knock me down. It may be
a silly book, - I don't agree that it's a well-written
book: but it's certainly an honest book: &
I took more pains to get up the facts & state
them plainly than I ever ^{NYPL} took with any thing in
my life. Now then, I say I'm reading you into
"misleading" than there. But oh Lord how
ick I get at this talk about "lovely prose" &
charm when all I wanted was to state
a very intricate case as plainly & ~~readably~~ ^{readably} as I could.
There's an other-banking party going on in the hotel
at this moment, so I can't write, I'm roasting
after 6 hours in the sun. And I want to describe
the view from the wall - miles, miles: but wait
as there's no room - we shall be back in a fortnight.
Anyhow (to whom to 38) I'm delighted I've
exasperated my dear old
Theop. dog. Y.